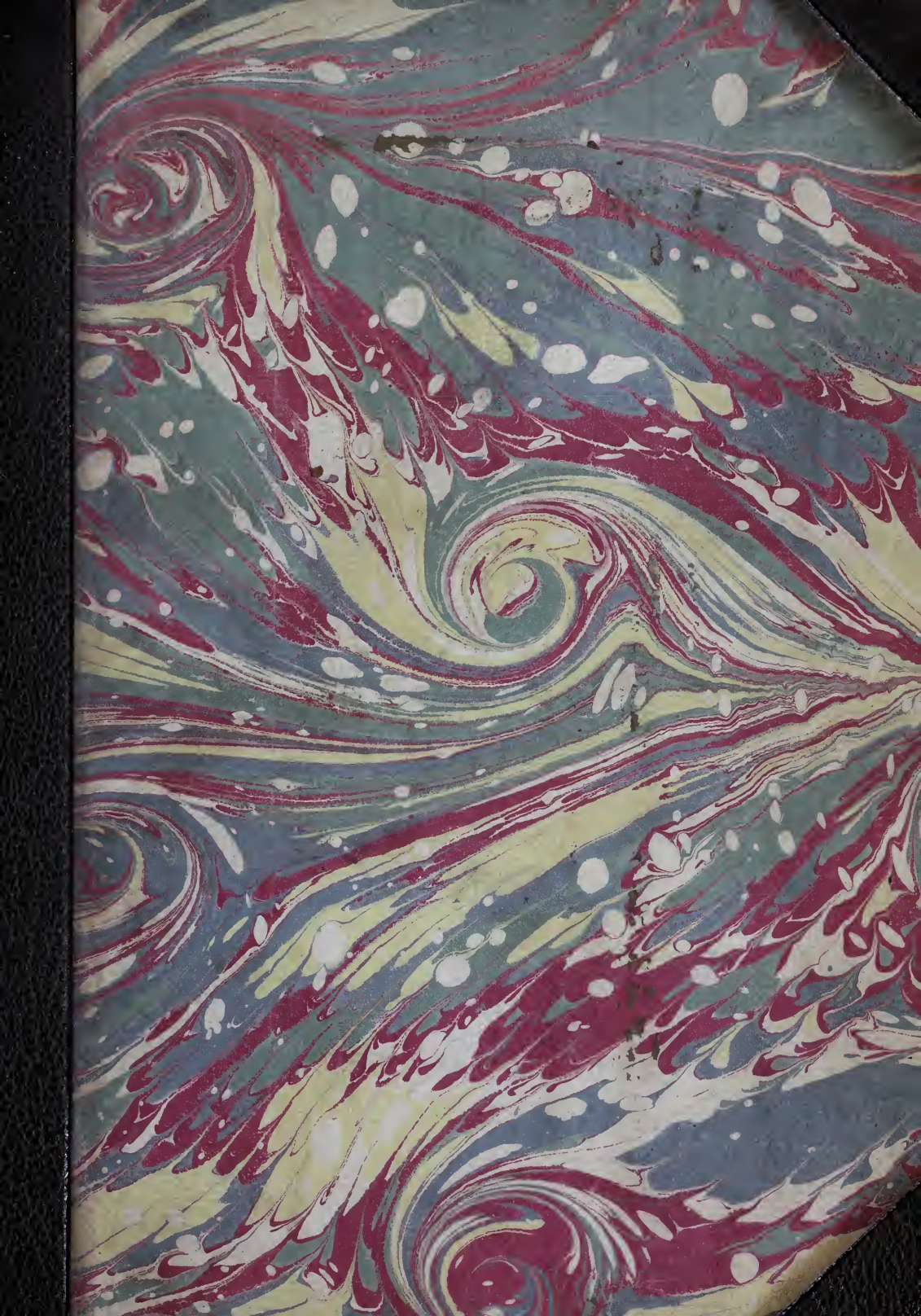

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Titus and Berenice,

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the DUKE's

THEATRE

With a FARCE called the

Cheats of Scapin.

By Tho: Otway.

Grandis Oratio non est Turgida
Sed Naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Pet. Arb.

Licensed *Febr.* the 19th. 167$\frac{6}{7}$.

Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Tonson* at his Shop under *Grays-Inn-Gate*, next *Grays-Inn-Lane.* 1677.

Josiah H. Benton Ed.
Mar. 1, 1948
AA

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

JOHN EARL of

ROCHESTER.

One of the Gentlemen of his *Majesties* Bed-Chamber, *&c.*

My Lord,

DEdications are grown things of so nice a Nature, That it is almost impossible for me to pay your Lordship those Acknowledgments I owe you, And not (from those who cannot Judge of the Sentiments I have of your Lordships Favours) incurre the Censure either of a fawner or a flatterer. Both which ought to be as hateful to an Ingenuous Spirit as Ingratitude. None of these would I be guilty of, and yet in letting the World know how Good and how Generous a Patron I have, (in spight of Malice) I am sure I am honest.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under ſo great an oppreſſion as now, as full of Phanaticiſm's as Religion, where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, ſets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worſe then a Quaker does a Prieſt.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of thoſe dreadful things that reſolve our diſſolution. It is for the moſt part, a very little French *breeding much aſſurance, with a great deal of talk and no ſence.*

Thus he comes to a New Play, Enquires the Author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his perſonal misfortunes the ſubject of his malice to ſome of his Companions, who have as little Wit and as much ill Nature as himſelf; and ſo to be ſure (as far as he can) the Play is damn'd.

At night he never fails to Appear in the With-drawing room, where he picks out ſome that have as little to do there as himſelf, who muſtring up all their puny Forces damn as poſſitively, as if like Muggleton *it were their gift, when indeed they have as little right to Wit, as a Journey man Taylor can have to Prophecy.*

Wit,

Wit, which was the mistress of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours; Either the Old Satyr to let us understand what he has known Damns and decryes all Poetry, but the old; or else the young affected Fool that is impudent beyond Correction, and ignorant above instruction, will be Censuring the present; tho he misplace his wit as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong occasion.

How great a Hazzard then does your Lordship run in so stedfastly protecting a poor Exil'd thing that has so many Enemies! But that your Wit is more Eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodness greater than any Malice or Ill Nature can be. I am sure (and I must own it with gratitude) I have tasted of it much above my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect; Though in doing this, I shall at best but appear an humble debtor, who acknowledges honestly what he owes, though to keep up his Credit he must be forc'd to borrow more; For my Genius alwayes led me to seek an interest in your Lordship; and I never see you, but I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Favour:

for

for all I have receiv'd, the highest return I am able to make, is my acknowledgment, in which I can hardly distinguish whether my Thankfulness or my Pride be the greater, when I subscribe my self

Your Lordships

Most Obliged and most
Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Underhill.*

GAllants our Author met me here to day,
And beg'd that I'd say something for his Play.
You Waggs that Judge by Roat, and damn by Rule,
Taking your measures from some Neighbour fool,
Who has Impudence a Coxcombs useful Tool;
That always are severe you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By:
With very much ill Nature, and no Wit,
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd Sit,
And with your Silly selves divert the Pitt.
You Men of Sence, who heretofore allow'd,
Our Author's Follies; make him once more proud;
But for the Youths, that newl' are come from France,
Who's Heads want Sence, though heels abound with dance:
Our Authour to their Judgment won't submit,
But swears that they who so infest the Pit,
With their own Follies, ne're can Judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he Chiefly favour would Implore, [to the Boxes.
And Fair Ones pray oblige him on my Score.
Confine his Foes, the Fops within their Rules,
For Ladies you know how to manage Fools.

Persons

Persons Represented in the *Tragedy* By

Titus Vespatian, Emperour of *Rome* ——— Mr. *Betterton.*
Antiochus, King of *Comagene* ——— Mr. *Smith.*
Paulinus, The *Emperors* Confident ——— Mr. *Medbourn.*
Arsaces, *Antiochus* his Confident ——— Mr. *Crosby.*
Rutilius, A Tribune ——— Mr. *Gillow.*

Berenice, Queen of *Palestine* ——— Mrs. *Lee.*
Phenice, Her Confident ——— Mrs. *Barry.*

The SCENE *ROME.*

Persons Represented in the *Farce.* By

Thrifty, *Gripe.* } Two old Merchants. ——— { Mr. *Sandford.* / Mr. *Noakes.*

Octavian, *Leander*, } Their Sons ——— { Mr. *Norris.* / Mr. *Percivall.*

Scapin, A Cheat ——— Mr. *Anth. Leigh.*

Shift, *Sly*, } *Scapins* Instruments ——— { Mr. *Richards*, / Mr. ———

Lucia, *Thrifty's* Daughter, ——— Mrs. *Barry.*
Clara, *Gripe's* Daughter. ——— Mrs. *Gibbs.*

The SCENE *DOVER.*

TITUS and BERENICE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.
A Palace.

Enter Artiochus *and* Arſaces.

Antiochus.

THou my *Arſaces* art a Stranger here,
This is th' Apartment of the Charming Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* ſo adores,
The Univerſe is his, and he is hers:
Here from the Court himſelf he of't conceals,
And in her Ears his charming ſtory tells,
Whilſt I a Vaſſal for admittance wait,
And am at beſt but thought importunate.

Arſac. You want admittance! who with generous care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes every-where,
Whoſe Fame throughout the World ſo loudly rings,
One of the greateſt of our Eaſtern-Kings.
As once you ſeem'd the Monarch of her Breaſt,
Too firmly ſeated to be diſpoſſeſt,
Nor can the pride ſhe doth in *Titus* take,
Already ſo ſevere a diſtance make.

Antio. Yes! ſtill that wretch *Antiochus* I am.
But Love! oh how I tremble at the name;
And my diſtracted Soul at that doth ſtart,
Which once was all the pleaſure of my heart,

Since *Berenice* has all my hopes destroid,
And an Eternal silence on me laid.

Arsac. That you resent her pride, I see with Joy,
'Tis that which does her gratitude destroy;
But Friendship wrong'd should into hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to scorn.

Anti. Arsaces, how false Measures dost thou take,
Remove the *Poles*, and bid the *Sun* go back:
Invert all Natures Orders, Fates Decrees,
Then bid me hate the Charming *Berenice.*

Arsac. Well, love her still, but let her know your pain,
Resolve it you shall see, and speak again;
Urge to her face your rightful Claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as she is proud.

Antio. Arsaces, No, she's gentle as a Dove,
Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
And owes so little for the Vowes I've made,
That if she pity me, I'm more than paid. [*Enter* Rutilius.
But see the man I sent, at last returns;
Oh how my heart with Expectation burns.
Rutilius, have you *Berenice* seen?

Rut. I have.

Antio. Oh speak! what says the Charming Queen?

Rut. I prest with difficulty, through the Croud,
A throng of Court-Attendants round her stood.
The time now past of his servere retreat,
Titus laments no more his Fathers fate.
Love takes up all his thoughts, and all his cares,
Whilst he to meet these mighty Joys prepares:
Which may in *Berenices* arms be found,
For she this day will be *Romes* Empress crown'd.

Anti. What do I hear? Confusion on thy tongue!
To tell me this, why was thy speech so long?
Why didst not Ruine with more speed afford?
Thou mightst have spoke and kill'd me in a word.
But may I not one Moment with her speak,
And my poor heart disclose before it break?

Rut. You shall; for when I told her what you design'd,
She sweetly smil'd, and her fair head inclin'd:
Titus ne'r from her had a look more kind.

[*Enter*

[*Enter* Berenice *and* Phænicia.

She's here.

Berenice, At last from the rude Joy I'm freed,
Of those new Friends whom my new fortunes breed.
The tedious form of their respect I shun,
To find out him whose words and heart are one.
Antiochus, for I'll no flattery use
Since your neglect I justly may accuse,
How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *East*, and *Rome* it self have seen,
In my worst fate I did your friendship find,
But now I grow more Great, you grow less kind.

Antio. Now durst I hope, I would forget my smart,
So well she understands to sooth my heart.
But, Madam, its a truth by Rumour spread,
That *Titus* shall this night possess your bed.

Ber. Sir, All my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell;
So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almost doubted Love would ne'r return;
He had not for me that Assiduous heat
As when whole days fixt on my Eyes, he sate.
Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brows did dwell;
Oft came and lookt, said nothing but farewell.

Ant. But now his kindness he renews again,

Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompence his pain
For that, if any Faith may be allow'd,
Two thousand Oaths, two thousand times renew'd;
Or any Justice in the Powers Divine,
Antiochus, He'll be for ever mine.

Antio. How she insults and triumphs in my ill,
Sh'as with long practice learnt to smile and kill.
Oh *Berenice*, Eternally farewel.

Ber. Farewel! good Heav'n! what Language do I hear;
Stay! I conjure you Sir--- by all's that dear.
Antiochus, What is it I have done?
Why don't you speak?

Antio. Madam I must be gone.

Ber. How Cruelly you use me! I implore
The Reason——

Ant. I must never see you more.

Ber. For Heav'ns sake tell, you wound me with delay.
Ant. At least remember I your Laws obey.
Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay?
If the remembrance be'nt Extinguisht quite,
Of that blest place where first you saw the light;
'Twas there, oh there began my Endless smart,
When those dear Eyes prevail'd upon my heart,
Then *Berenice* too, my Vowes approv'd,
Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd.
He did with Triumph and with Terror come,
And in his hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
First felt his weight, and found my self undone.
Ber. Hah!
Antio. You too, then t'encrease the pains I bore,
Commanded me to speak of Love no more.
So on your hand I swore at last t'obey;
And for that taste of Bliss gave all away.
Ber. Why do you study ways t'afflict my mind,
You believe Sir, I am not unkind.
Alas I'm sensible how well y'have serv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deserv'd.
Antio. Why in this Empire should I longer stay,
My Passion and its weakness to betray.
Others, though I retire, will bring their Joys,
To Crown that Happiness which mine destroys.
Ber. You triumph thus, because your pow'r you know,
Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.
Though Crown'd *Romes* Empress, I the Throne ascend;
What pleasure in my Greatness can I find,
When I shall want my best and truest Friend.
Ant. I reach your purpose, you would have me there,
That you might see the worst of my despair.
I know it, the Ambition of your Soul;
Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool.
Yet came this time but to new freight my heart,
And with more Love possest than ever part.
Ber. Though it could never enter in my mind,
Since *Cæsar*'s Fortunes must with mine be join'd.

That any Mortal durſt ſo hardy prove,
T'invade his Right, and talk to me of Love.
I bear th' unpleaſing Narrative of yours,
And Friendſhip, what my Honour ſhuns, endures.
Nay more; Your parting, I with trouble hear,
For you next him, are to my Soul moſt dear.
Antio. In Juſtice to my Memory and Fame,
I fly form *Titus*, that unlucky Name.
A name which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilſt my poor heart lies bleeding at your feet.
Farewel: Oh be not at my Ravings griev'd,
When of my death the news ſhall be receiv'd,
Remember why I di'd, and what I liv'd-------

[*Ex.* Antioch.

Phæn. I grieve for him, a Love ſo true as this,
Deſerv'd, methinks, more fortunate ſucceſs.
Are you not troubled Madam----
Ber. Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quel.
Phæn. You ſhould have ſtaid him.
Ber. Who, I ſtay him? no,
From my Remembrance rather let him go.
His Fancy does with wild Diſtraction rove,
Which thy raw ignorance, interprets Love.
Phæn. Titus his thoughts, yet to unfold, denies.
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous eyes.
Its rigorous Laws, create my fears for you;
Romans no Forrain Marriages allow
To Kingly Power ſtill enemies th'ave been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.
Ber. Phænicia, no, my time of fear is paſt,
Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the reſt.
The ſplendor of this night thou haſt beheld,
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?
Theſe Eagles faſces, marching all in ſtate:
And crowds of Kings that with their Tributes wait.
Triumphs below, and Bleſſings from Above,
Seem all at ſtrife to grace this Man of Love.
Away *Phænicia*, let's go meet him ſtrait,
I can no longer for his coming wait.

My

My Eager wiſhes drive me wildly on;
Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Titus Paulinus, *Attendants.*

Titus. TOth' *Syrian* King, did you my Meſſage bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?

Paul. Sir, in the Queens appartment, He alone
Was ſeen, but e'r I there arriv'd, was gone.

Tit. 'Tis well *Paulinus* for theſe ten days paſt.
I have to *Berenice* a ſtranger been:
But you can tell me all---- what does the Queen?

Paul. She does, what ſpeaks, how much ſhe values you;
When you mourn'd for your Father, ſhe mourn'd too.
So Juſt a Sorrow in her face was ſhown,
It ſeem'd as if the Loſs had been her own.

Tit. Oh lovely fair one, little doſt thou know [*aſide.*
How hard a Trial thou muſt undergo.
Heav'n! oh my heart!

Paul. What is't your Grief ſhould raiſe
For her whom almoſt all the *Eaſt* obeys.

Tit. Command *Paulinus* that theſe retreat, (Paul. *moves his*
Rome of my purpoſes uncertain yet, *hand and all the*
Expects to know the fortune of the Queen; *reſt exti.*
Their Murmurings I have heard, and Troubles ſeen.
The buſineſs of our Love, is the Diſcourſe,
And expectation of the Univerſe.
And by the face of my affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I reſolve and fix my mind.
Tell me *Paulinus*, juſtly, and be free,
What ſays the World of *Berenice* and me?

Paul. In every heart you Admiration raiſe:
All, Your high Vertues, and her Beauty praiſe.

Tit. Alas! Thou anſwerſt wide of my deſire,
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher
How do they of my ſighs and vows approve?
Or what expect they from ſo true a love?

Paul.

Paul. Love or not love, Sir, all is in your power,
The Court will second still the Emperour.
Tit. Courtiers *Paulinus* seldom are sincere
To please their Master they have too much care.
The Court did *Nero's* horrid Acts applaud,
To all his lusts subscrib'd, and call'd him God.
Th' Idolatrous Court shall never judg for me,
No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee:
What then must *Berenice* expect? declare,
Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or severe?
My happiness is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to the Imperial Throne,
Where on my head continual cares must fall,
Will they deny me what may sweeten all?
Paul. Her vertues they acknowledg and desert
Proclaim indeed she has a Roman heart:
But she's a Queen, and that alone withstands
All which her beauty and her worth demands.
In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd stood,
Never to mix it's race with strangers blood.
Tit. It is a sign they are capricious grown,
When they despise all vertues but their own.
Paul. *Julius*, who first subdued her to his Arms;
And quite had silenc'd Laws with Wars alarms,
Burning for *Cleopatra's* love; to Fame
More just fled from her eyes, and hid his flame.
Tit. But which way from my heart shall I remove,
So long establisht and deep rooted love?
Paul. The Conflict will be difficult I guess,
But you your rising sorrows must suppress;
Tit. Who can a heart that's not his own controul?
Her presence was the comfort of my Soul.
After a thousand Oaths confirm'd in tears,
By which I vow'd my self for ever hers,
I hop'd with all my Love and all her charms,
At last to have her in my longing Arms.
But now I can such rare perfections crown,
And that my love's more great than overgrown,
When in one hour a happy Marriage may
Of all my five years vows the tribute pay.

I go *Paulinus*------ how my heart does riſe.

Paul. Whether?

Tit. To part for ever from her eyes,
Tho I requir'd th'aſſiſtance of thy zeal,
To cruſh a paſſion that's ſo hard to quell.
My heart had of it's doom reſolv'd before,
Yet *Berenice* does ſtill diſpute the war.
The conqueſt of ſo great a flame muſt coſt
Conflicts, in which my ſoul will oft be toſt.

Paul. You in your birth for Empire were deſign'd,
And to that purpoſe Heav'n did frame your mind;
Fate in that day wiſe providence did ſhew,
Fixing the deſtiny of *Rome* in you.

Tit. My youth rejoyc'd in love and glorious wars,
But my Remains of life muſt waſte in cares.
Rome, my new Conduct, now obſerves 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
If in my Dawn of power to clear my way
To happineſs, I ſhould her Laws deſtroy:
No, I've reſolv'd on't, Love and all ſhall go;
Alas! it muſt, ſince *Rome* will have it ſo.
But how ſhall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

Paul. You muſt reſolve to go and viſit her,
Sooth her ſad heart, and on her patience win,
Then by degrees-----

Tit.——————But how ſhall I begin?
Oh my *Paulinus*, I have oft deſign'd
To ſpeak my thoughts, but ſtill they ſtay'd behind.
I hop'd as ſhe diſcern'd my troubl'd Breſt,
She might a little at the cauſe have gueſt;
But nought ſuſpecting, as I weeping lay,
With her fair hand ſhe'd wipe the tears away,
And in that miſt never the loſs perceiv'd
Of the ſad Heart ſhe had too much believ'd;
But now a firmer conſtancy I take,
Either my heart ſhall vent its grief, or break.
I thought to have met *Antiochus*, and here
All I e're lov'd ſurrender'd to his care.
To morrow he conducts her to the Eaſt,
And now I go to ſigh, and look my laſt.

Paul.

Paul. I ne're expected less from that Renown,
Which all your Actions must with glory crown.
Tit. How lovely's glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were she now,
If through eternal dangers to be won!
So I might still call *Berenice* my own.
In *Nero's* Court where I was bred, my mind
By that example to all ills inclin'd,
The loose wild paths of pleasures I pursu'd,
Till *Berenice* first taught me to be good.
She taught me Vertue, but oh! cursed *Rome!*
The good I owe her, must her wrong become.
For so much Vertue and Renown so great;
For all the Honour I did ever get:
Her for whose sake alone, I fame pursu'd,
I must forgo to please the Multitude.
Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,
You have the bounds of *Palestine* enlarg'd.
Even t' *Euphrates*, her wide power extends;
So many Kingdomes *Berenice* commands.
Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Griefs must on her dwell!
I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well;
To greatness she so little did incline,
Her heart ask'd never any thing but mine.
Let's talk no more of her, *Paulinus*.
Paul. Why!
Tit. The thought of her, but shakes my constancy,
Yet in my heart if doubts already rise,
What will it do when I behold her eyes?

Enter *Rutilius*.

Rutil. Sir, *Berenice* desires admittance here----
Tit. Palinus———— Oh!
Paul. Can you already fear?
So soon are all your resolutions shook?
Now, Sir, 's the time---- [*Ex. Rut.*

Enter Berenice, Phænicia *and attendants.*

Tit. I have no power to look.
Ber. Sir, be n't displeased, that I thus far presume,
It is to pay my gratitude I come.
Whilst all the Court assembled in my view,
Admire the Favour you on me bestow;

It were unjuſt, ſhould I remain alone,
Silent, as though I had a ſenſe of none.
Your mourning's done, and you from griefs are free.
Are now your own, and yet not viſit me?
Your preſent of new Diadems I wait.
Oh! give me more content, and leſs of ſtate.
Give me a word, a ſigh, a look at leaſt,
In thoſe th' Ambition of my Soul is plac't.
Was your diſcourſe of me when I arriv'd?
Was I ſo happy may it be believ'd?
Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* ſo bleſt;
Or was I preſent to your thoughts at leaſt?
Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, by the Gods I ſwear't;
That *Berenice* is always in my heart.
Nor time, nor abſence, can you thence remove.
My heart's all yours, and you alone I love.
Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and ſincere,
But 'tis with a ſtrange coldneſs that you ſwear.
Why the juſt Gods to witneſs did you call?
I don't pretend to doubt your faith at all.
In you I truſt, would only from you live;
And what you ſay I ever muſt believe.
Tit. Madam!
Ber. Proceed: Alas, whence this ſurprize!
You ſeem confus'd to turn away your eyes.
Nothing but trouble in your face I find,
Does ſtill a Fathers death afflict your mind?
Tit. Oh, did my Father good *Veſpaſian* live!
How happy ſhould I be!
Ber. Ah, ceaſe to grieve!
Your tears, have reverenc't his mem'ry now.
Cares are to *Rome*, and your own glory due.
A Father you lament, a feeble grief,
Whilſt for your abſence I find no relief.
But in your preſence only take delight,
I, who ſhall dye, if but debarr'd your ſight.
Tit. Madam, what is it that your griefs declare?
What time d' you chooſe? For pitty's ſake forbear.
Your Bounties my Ingratitude proclaim.
Ber. You can do nothing that deſerves that name;

No Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love.
Tit. No Madam! No, my heart (since I must speak)
Was ne're more full of Love or half so like to break.
But-----
Ber. What?
Tit. Alas!
Ber. Proceed.
Tit. The Empire *Rome*-----
Ber. Well.
Tit. Oh, the dismal secret will not come----
Away *Paulinus*, e're i'm quite undone.
My Speech forsakes me and my heart's all stone.
[*Ex.* Tit. Paul.
Ber. So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus how have I this deserv'd from you?
What have I done, *Phœnicia*? tell me, speak.
Phœn. Does nothing to your memory appear:
That might provoke him---?
Ber. By all tha'ts to me dear,
Since the first hour I saw his face, till now,
Too much of Love, is all the guilt I know.
Thus silence is too rude, and racks my breast,
In the uncertainty I cannot rest,
He knows, *Phœnicia*, all my moments past.
Perhaps he 's jealous of the *Syrian* King;
'Tis that's the root whence all this change must spring.
Titus, this Victory I shall not boast.
I wish the Gods would try me to the most.
With a more potent Rival, tempt my heart,
One that would make me greater than thou art.
Then my dear *Titus*, shouldst thou soon discern,
How much for thee I all mankind would scorn.
Let's go, *Phœnicia*, with one gentle word
He will be satisfied, and I restor'd:
" My Injur'd truth by my complyance find,
" And if he has a heart he, must be kind.

Exeunt Omnes.

Ends the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus *and* Arſaces.

Tit. ANtiochus! y'have done your Friendſhip wrong;
In that y'have kept this Secret hid ſo long.
What is't that your departure does incite,
Which not unjuſtly, I may call a Fright?
Tho on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
So highly ſeem with Fortunes favour grac'd;
As if ſhe nothing further had to grant:
I more than ever, do your friendſhip want.
Ant. Sir, your great kindneſs I ſo well did know,
I durſt not ſtay where I ſo much did owe.
When firſt *Judæa* heard your loud alarms,
You made me your Companion in your arms.
Nay, nearer to you did with friendſhip joyn,
And lodg'd the ſecrets of your Breſt in mine.
Yet all this goodneſs but augments my ſin,
For I have falſe and moſt ungrateful been.
Tit. I can't forget that to your arms alone,
I owe the half of all I ever won:
Witneſs thoſe precious Spoils you hither brought,
Won from the *Jews* when on my ſide you fought.
To all thoſe Purchaſes I lay no claim;
Your heart and friendſhip are my only aim.
Ant. My Heart! my Friendſhip! Heav'n, how you miſtake!
On my deceipt how weak a gloſs you make!
When firſt you thought your ſelf of me poſſeſt,
You took a very Serpent to your breſt.
Tit. Antiochus, I find where thou art ſtung,
Tell me th' officious Slave that does me wrong.
Some baſe Detractor has my Honour ſtain'd,
And in your eaſie heart a Credit gain'd.
Abus'd and told you *Titus* is unjuſt;
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I muſt.

Tho

Tho you unkindly from your friend would run,
And own th' unjuſtice which you think I've done.
Ant. Oh *Titus*, if I durſt but ſpeak my heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part.
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Diſeaſe in't, I muſt ſhun or dye.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When moſt your friend, I ſhall appear your foe.
Tit. I either to your heart a ſtranger am,
Or ſure *Antiochus* is not the ſame:
What elſe ſhould make you not your mind declare?
What is't that you dare ſay, I dare not hear?
Ant. If then, what e'r I utter, you dare hear,
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your heart with Temper; well 'tis this:
Tit. Go on,
Anti. I love the charming *Berenice*.
Tit. Hah!
Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
Till you came on and robb'd me of the prize.
When at your Armies head you did appear,
You ſackt *Jeruſalem* and conquer'd her.
Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wiſh to find,
Than him that dares be juſt and tell his mind.
So far's Reſentment from my heart remov'd;
That *Berenice* is by my friend belov'd.
That I, *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
For ſhe was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that ſhall poſſeſs her;
Ant. True,
But 'tis fit none ſhould be ſo bleſt but you;
And *Berenice* for none could be deſign'd,
But him that's the Delight of all Mankind.
'Tis for this cauſe to *Syria* I repair,
For when you 're bleſt no envy ſhould be near.
Tit. O my *Antiochus*, when thou ſhalt ſee,
How ſmall's the happineſs in ſtore for me:
Thou needſt not fear thy Envy, let me have
Thy pitty and thy aid, 'tis that I crave.

My

My beſt and trueſt friend, you muſt be ſo,
For there's none fit for't in the World but you.
None but a King, my Rival and my friend,
Is fit to ſpeak the torments of my mind.
In my behalf you *Berenice* muſt ſee.

Antio. Is that an office, *Titus*, fit for me?
Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear,
But you muſt too ſolicite my deſpair?
I ſwore for ever from her to depart;
Alas! and dare not truſt again my heart.
Your paſſion by another may be ſhown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.

Tit. He that ſo well his own misfortunes bears,
Can beſt inſtruct her how to temper hers.
Nay, my *Antiochus*, you muſt not ſtart.
I know by mine, your news will ſhake her heart,
For I muſt too, for ever from her part.

Antio. You part?

Tit. Yes! curſt neceſſity! 'tis true,
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you;
In whom alone I ſum'd up all Delight,
Muſt be for ever baniſh'd from my ſight.

Antio. It cannot be. No Slave that wears her Chains,
Upon ſo eaſie terms his Freedom gains.

Tit. Lord of the World my Empire wide does flow,
I can make Kings, and can depoſe 'em too.
The ſtubborn'ſt hearts muſt to my power bow down,
And yet I am not Maſter of my own.
Rome that to Kings ſo long a foe has been,
Will not admit my marriage with the Queen.
If *Berenice* to morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outragious tongues, ſhe'll hear
The news I dread to tell, and you to hear.

Antio. Now if my heart was to Revenge alli'd,
How might I triumph in her falling Pride!
To ſee her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with 'em all her tortur'd ſoul upbraid.
But, *Titus*, I'm more juſt, and rather mov'd,
That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit.

Tit. When I the Imperial Power did first assume,
I firmly swore t'uphold the Rights of *Rome*;
Should I to follow Love, from Glory fly;
Forsake my Throne, in every Vassal's eye,
How mean and despicable must I prove!
An Emperor led about the World by love!
No, Prince, the fatal story you must tell,
And bid from me, poor *Berenice* farewel.
But if the hopes of reigning in my heart
May any ease to her sad mind impart;
Swear, friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
Entire I will preserve her ever there.
Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than she,
My Reign but a long Banishment shall be,
From all those Joys that wait on Pomp and Power.
To morrow she her journey hence must take,
And so I all that e'r I lov'd, forsake.
Her to your Care and Conduct I commend,
For tho my Rival as a King and Friend,
The dearest Treasure I dare with you trust;

Antio. Sir, do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust:
Her charms that made me my own Fame forgo,
Will be too apt to make me false to you.

Tit. No more; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
Firm still in Dangers found thee by my side.
Thou knew'st my Love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd,
When all thy hopes by my success were quell'd:
Even at that time thou didst no falshood show, [*Exit.* Titus.
And wilt not wrong me on advantage now.

Antio. No, I'le not see her, neither dare I go:
Too soon from others her hard lot she'l know.
Dost thou not think her Fate's enough severe,
Unless that I th' unwelcome Message bear?
I who'm her hate, enough have felt before,
And need not seek new ways to purchase more.

Arsa. See, she approaches, now the Coward play,
And when you might have Conquer'd run away.

Enter

Enter Berenice *and* Phænicia.

Antio. Oh Heaven!
Ber. My Lord, I see you are not gone,
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.
Antio. You came not here *Antiochus* to find,
The visit to another was design'd.
Cæsar, and 'tis on him the blame must light,
If now my presence here offend your sight.
Th' are his Commands, are guilty of the sin:
It may be else I had at *Ostia* been.
Ber. His friends are always with his presence Grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be so blest.
Antio. Too much his prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your sake alone I was detain'd.
Ber. For mine? away.
Antio. Tyrannick fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here only to talk of you.
Ber. Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly art,
Y' are brave and should not mock an easie heart.
In my distress, what pleasure could you see?
Alas! or what could *Titus* say of me?
Antio. Better a thousand times than I can tell,
So firm a passion in his heart does dwell.
When you are nam'd, he's from himself transform'd,
And every way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his face does like a Tyrant rise,
And Majesty 's no longer in his eyes.
But there are things behind I dare not speak:
For at the news your tender heart would break.
Ber. How Sir?
Antio. Ere night the truth of what I've said you'l know,
And then, I doubt not, Justifie me too.
Farewell.
Ber. Oh, Heaven what can this Language mean!
You see before your eyes a wretched Queen.
Sir, of my quiet, if you have such care,
Or if my self your eyes held ever dear,
Dispel this mist of trouble from my Soul.
Antio. Madam, your self excuse,

For

For your own ſake it is that I refuſe.
'Twill not be long before the doubt's remov'd.
Ber. You told me once *Antiochus*, you lov'd;
But ſure'twas only that you might betray;
Or elſe you more would fear to diſobey.
Antio. I diſobey you, ask my life and try,
How glorioufly I for your ſake can dye.
It would by far, be the more welcome fate.
Then now to ſpeak, and ever gain your hate.
Ber. No Sir, you never ſhall my hatred find,
'Tis my deſire, and you muſt be ſo kind.
Will you? ---
Antio. Heaven this conſtraint is worſe than death,
You drive, and will not give me time to breath.
Oh, Madam! put me too no further pain.
Ber. Muſt I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Hence forward Prince, either the truth relate,
Forbear or be aſſur'd for ever of my hate.
Antio. My heart was always yours, and is ſo ſtill:
For ever muſt depend upon your Will.
I wiſh another way, your power you'd try'd:
But you 're reſolv'd, and muſt be ſatisfi'd;
Yet flatter not your ſelf, I ſhall declare,
Thoſe horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.
You cannot but believe I know your heart,
Look then to feel me ſtrike its tender'ſt part.
Titus has told me.
Ber. What? fear no Surprize.
Antio. That he muſt part for ever from your eyes.
Ber. We part! can things another nature take?
Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forſake?
Antio. Perhaps 'tis ſtrange that I ſhou'd tell you ſo,
But you ſhall find I'll do him Juſtice too,
What ever in a heart both kind and great
Love with deſpair moſt dreadful could create.
I ſaw in his he weep's, laments, and more,
Then ever dos fair *Berenice* adore.
But what avails it, that ſuch love he ſhows?
A Queen ſuſpected to *Romes* Empire grows.
And *Titus* cannot with her Laws diſpence,
For therfeore 'tis you muſt be baniſht hence.

Ber. What do I hear, alas *Phœnicia*!
Antio. Nay, to-morrow is your last and utmost day,
In bearing this the Courage well you'l prove
Of that great haughty Soul which scorn'd my love.
Ber. Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who so many Oaths, so oft hath sworn?
I'le not believe't, his love and faith's more strong,
I'm sure he's guiltless and you do him wrong.
This is a snare to disunite us laid,
Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.
No, strait I'le see him, and secure all fear.
Let's go.
Antio. Too well you may behold him here;
Ber. Too well you wish it to perswade it, No;
In this your base degenerate Soul you show.
When you no other stratagem could find,
T' abuse my heart you would betray your friend.
How e're he prove, Know I your sight abhor,
And from this minute never see me more.
Antio. Oh *Berenice*! remorseless cruel fair!
Born only for my torment and despair,
Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd?
Is this the recompence I have deserv'd?
I who for you did all Ambition wave,
And left a Kingdom to become your Slave.
Curse on my Fate!
Ber. If 're my heart you priz'd,
You never had this cruelty devis'd.
Never to work my Torment, been thus bold;
And so Triumphantly the story told.
Away *Phœnicia* no more I'le hear him speak.
Ex. Ber. Phæ.
Antio. Now, my *Arsaces*, would my heart but break
But yet I hope in part I've freedom won.
And what love would not, by her hate sh'as done.
The pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld,
I left her all Enamour'd, Jealous, Wild.
But now performing this Ignoble part,
Perhaps, I'le ever banish her my heart.

She left me cruelly, and let her go;
My Honour and Repose command it too,
For ever to my eyes a stranger be,
Till I have learn't to scorn as well as she.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Berenice *in disorder.*

Ber. I Of my wrong too well am satisfied;
To see the perjur'd *Titus*, twice I try'd.
Twice for admittance to him begg'd in vain:
Nor is *Phœnicia* yet return'd again.
Phœnicia has no answer to bring back.
Inrgateful *Titus* will not hear her speak:
But hides himself and from my fury flyes:
Nor will have sense, though *Berenice* dies. [*Enter* Phœnice.
Phœnice, Well, my *Titus* hast thou seen?
What will he come and make me live again?

Phæ. Madam, the Emperor I alone did find;
And saw in his the trouble of your mind;
I saw the tears he would have hid run down.

Ber. But was he not asham'd they should be shown?
Look't he not as he thought his Love disgrace?
And was not all the Emperor in his face?

Phæ. Doubt it not, Madam, he will soon be here,
But wherefore will you this disorder wear?
Your riff'd dress let me in order place,
And these dishevel'd locks that hide your face.

Ber. Forbear, *Phœnice*, let it all alone;
No, he shall see the triumph he has won;
How vain those foolish ornaments must prove:

If neither faith nor tears nor means can move!

Enter Antiochus, Arſaces.

Oh, my unruly ſorrows! Oh, my fears!
Who's here?
Antio. *Arſaces*, *Berenice* in tears;
Ber. *Antiochus*! *Phœnice*, let's away,
To let him ſee my torments I'le not ſtay. [*Ex.*
Antio. Now whither's all my reſolutions gone?
Arſaces, who could ſee't and be his own?
I ſaid I'd never ſee her face again:
But come and find my boaſtings all were vain;
Seeing her ſufferings, all her ſcorn forget,
And loſe at once my vengeance and my hate.
VVretched *Antiochus*! with how much care
And labours, my own miſchiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my injuries have born!
Hopeleſs, undone and to my ſelf a ſcorn,
Leave me alone unhappy as I am:
I would not have a witneſs of my ſhame.

Enter Titus *Attended.*

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to ſee her, Oh my heart!
And now I go to ſee her, but to part.
Rutilius, fly and ſooth the Queens deſpair,
And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.
Antio. What have you done, Sir? *Berenice* will dye:
I ſaw her hence with hair diſhievel'd fly.
'Tis only you her fury can ſurceaſe.
When e're you 're nam'd ſhe's inſtantly at peace.
Her eyes ſtill bent to your apartment were,
And every moment ſeem'd to wiſh you near.
Tit. *Antiochus*, aſſiſt me what to do.
I'm not prepar'd, for the ſad Interview.
I have not yet conſulted well my heart,
And doubt it is not ſtrong enough to part.
Since firſt I took poſſeſſion of the Throne,
What is it for my honour I have done?
My love and folly only I've diſclos'd,

And

And nothing but my weakneſſes expos'd.
The golden days where are they to be found,
So much expected, when this head was Crown'd?
Whoſe tears have I dry'd up? or in what face
Can I the fruits of any good act trace?
Know I what years Heaven has for me decreed?
And of theſe few, how few are to ſucceed?
And yet how many have I ſpent in waſt!
But now to honor I'le make greater haſt.
Alas! 'tis but one blow and all is paſt.

Enter Berenice, *preſſing from* Rut. *and* Paul.

Ber. Let me alone, your counſels all are weak.
See him I muſt, he's here, and I will ſpeak.
Has *Titus* then forſook me? is it true?
Muſt we too part, does he command it too?
Tit. Oh! ſtop the deluge, which ſo fiercely flows;
This is no time t' allay each others woes.
Enough I feel my own afflictions ſmart,
And need not thoſe dear tears to damp my heart.
But if we neither can our griefs command,
Yet with ſuch honour let 'em be ſuſtain'd.
As the whole World to hear it told ſhall ſmart;
For deareſt *Berenice* we muſt part.
And now I would not a diſpute maintain,
Whether I lov'd, but whether I muſt Reign.
Ber. Reign (Cruel) then and ſatisfie your pride,
And for your Cruelties be deifi'd.
I'le ne'r diſpute it farther, I but ſtay'd
Till *Titus* who ſo many vows had made,
Of ſuch a Love as nothing could impair.
Should come himſelf and tell how falſe they were,
Now I believ't, enough I've heard you tell,
And I am gone--- eternally farewell,
Eternally---- Ah, Sir, conſider now,
How harſh that word is and how dreadful too.
Conſider, Oh the Miſeries they bear,
That are for ever rob'd of all that's dear.
From this ſad Moment never more to meet,

Is it for day to dawn, and day to set,
In which I must not find my hopes still young,
Nor yet once see my *Titus* all day long?
Heav'ns how I wildly rave---- to lose my pains
On him ungrateful that my tears disdains!
Of all those days of absence I shall count,
With him, the number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, there will be no need
To count the days that shall your loss succeed.
I hope e're long that you will hear from fame,
How very wretched and how just I am.
My heart bleeds now, I feel the drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when you 're gone.

Ber. Ah why, Sir, must we part if this be true?
My claims to Marriage I'le no more renew.
Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my death?
Or why d' ye envy me the air you breath?

Tit. Madam, you are too powerful every way,
Shall I withstand it? no, for ever stay.
Then I from bliss must always be debarr'd,
And on my heart for ever keep a guard.
With fears through all my course of Glory move,
Lest e're aware I lose my self and Love.
Ev'n now my heart is from my bosom stray'd,
And all its swellings on a sudden laid.
Bent thus to you by all Loves softest pow'rs,
And only this remembers that 'tis yours.

Ber. O *Titus*, whilst this charming tale you tell,
D'ye see the *Romans* ready to rebel?

Tit. How they will look on the affront who knows,
If once they murmur and then fall to blows:
Must I in Battel justifie my Cause;
Or if they should submit and set their Laws;
How must I be expos'd another day;
And for their Patience too, how largely pay!
With Grievances and wild Demands still curst,
Shall I dare plead the Laws that break 'em first?

Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unsteady anxious mind.
You weigh your Peoples Rights to your own fears,

But

But never value *Berenices* tears?

Tit. Not value 'em! Why are you so unjust?
Now by the honour of my Father's dust,
By Heav'n and all the gods that govern there,
If to me any thing be half so dear;
May I be as a Slave, depos'd and serve,
Or else forlorn in some wild Desart starve,
Till I'm as wretched as my ills deserve.

Ber. Laws you may change, why will you for their sake,
Into your breast eternal sorrows take?
Rome has her Priviledges, have not you
Your Int'rests, your Rights as sacred too?
Say, speak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my breast!
I know indeed I never can have rest;
And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change,
Do, break my heart and take your full Revenge.

Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honor keep!
You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!

Tit. I grant it, I am sensible I do,
I weep, alas! I sigh and tremble too.
For when to Empire first I did attain,
Rome made me swear I would her Rights maintain.
I did, and must perform what I then vow'd,
Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd:
And 'tis their Honor: yet in leaving you;
All their Austerest Laws I shall out-do.
And an Example leave so brave and great,
As none shall ever after imitate.

Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard,
Go on, and Infamy be your reward.
Long since my fears your falshood had display'd;
Nor would I at your Sute have longer stay'd.
Would I the base Indignities had born,
Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn?
No, to this breach I would have spurr'd you on,
And I am pleas'd it is already done.

No longer shall the fear of me prevail;
Alas! you must not think to hear me rail;
Or Heav'n invoke, its vengeance to prepare;
No, for if Heav'n vouchsafe to hear my Pray'r,
I beg no memory may there remain,
Of either your Injustice, or my Pain. [*Kneels.*
But the sad *Berenice*, before she dies,
Is sure to have Revenge if you have eyes.
Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
No further than that heart, I have it there: [*Points to his breast.*
Within your self shall rise your dreadfull'st foe;
My past Integrities, my Torments now;
VVhich you, ungrateful perjur'd Man, have bred,
My blood which in your Palace I shall shed.
Sufficient terrors to your Soul shall give,
And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave.
[*Exit furiously*

Paul. Thus, Sir, at least the Conquest you have won,
The Queen you see's contented to be gone.

Tit. Curse on thy *Roman* Rudeness, that canst see
Such tears, unmov'd, and mock such Misery!
Oh! I am lost, and 'tis in vain to strive,
If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.
Fly and prevent that Fate to which she's gone.
Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own. [*Exit* Rut.

Paul. Sir, if I might advise, you should not send,
Rather command her women to attend;
They better can her Melancholy chear;
The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to fear.
I saw your melting Pity when she wept,
And my rough heart but very hardly scap'd.
Yet look a little farther and you'l find
That spite of all your fortune yet is kind.
What triumphs the whole VVorld prepares, you'll see,
And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

Tit. VVho for Barbarity would be ador'd!
I hate my self, *Nero* so much abhor'd,
That bloody Tyrant, whom I blush to name;
VVas never half so cruel as *I* am.

No

No, I'll purſue the Queen, ſhe loves me ſtill,
VVill pardon me when at her feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud *Rome* ſay what it will.

Paul. How Sir?

Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I ſay:
Exceſs of Sorrow drives my mind aſtray.

Paul. O follow where your full Renown does lead,
Your laſt adieus Report abroad has ſpread.
Rome that did mourn, does now new triumphs frame,
The Temples fume with Offerings to your name:
The people wild in the applauſe y'have won
With Laurel Wreaths to crown, your Statues run.

Tit. By that their Salvage natures they betray,
For ſo wild beaſts roar o'r their murder'd prey.
VVho would have ſenſe the ſweets of power to prize!
Since moſt in danger when we higheſt riſe:
For who by Greatneſs e'r did happy grow?
None but the heavy Slave is truly ſo.
VVho travels all his life in one dull road,
And drudging on in quiet, loves his load.
Seeking no farther than the needs of Life,
Knows what's his own, and ſo exempt from ſtrife,
And cheriſhes his homely careful wife.
Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
Has all, becauſe he cannot much deſire.
Had I been born ſo low, I had been bleſt
Of what I love, without controul poſſeſt.
Never had Honour or Ambition known,
Nor ever to be Great, had been undone.

[*Shout within.*

Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their ſtate,
I'th' name of all the Empire for you wait,
They'r follow'd too by an impatient throng,
VVho ſeem to murmur, you delay ſo long.

Tit. Toyle me no more, disperse that clamorous Rout:
Tell 'em they shall no more have cause to doubt;
The Queens departure they'll to morrow see,
And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
Take this *Paulinus:* bear it to the Queen, [*Writes on a Tablet.*
For should we meet, I must relapse again;
I h've bid her here eternally adieu,
Stay while she reads it, and her troubles view,
And bring me faithful word, as thou art true.
Hold! oh my Heart! yet go, it it must be done,
For what's necessity, we cannot shun.
Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
Or a new Being to my self could give.
Some monstrous and unheard of Shape now find,
As Salvage, and as Barbarous as my mind.
Antiochus!

Enter Antiochus, *Attendants*, Arsaces.

Ant. My last Adieu to pay,
I come, and dare in *Rome* no longer stay.
My griefs, and my afflictions, grow so high;
If not by absence slacken'd, I must dye.
Tit. What reason have the happy to repine?
Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
With all her charms receive her to thy breast,
And be of all I ever lov'd, possest.
Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my pain:
I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!
No, should I stay to see you when you part,
Tho I am sure the sight would break my heart,
Yet she, as still my prayers have been deny'd,
Tho I but beg'd one blessing ere I dy'd,
Even then with scorn would throw me from her side.
Tit. Oh Heaven! she's entring, from her Charms lets fly,
I know my weakness; if I stay, I dye.

Meet,

Meet, and prevent her———

[*Ex.* Titus.

Enter Berenice, *&c.*

Ber. How he hasts away!
Ingrateful! Dearest Perjur'd *Titus*, stay. [*kneels.*
Afflictions catch him, great as those I bear.
My Lord, at last I have receiv'd my Doom:
'Tis seal'd; but ere I part from you and *Rome*,
I ask, and I your pardon would receive:
Can you the wrongs which I have done, forgive?
Ant. I never any Injuries did find;
No, *Berenice* has always been too kind.
With one soft word, how suddenly I'm lost,
And have no sense of my disgraces past!
But must I then for ever lose you so?
I am no *Roman*, nor was ere your foe.
No, rather here continue, and be Great,
Whilst I live ever hopeless at your feet.
Ber. Should I stay here and my wrongs tamely bear
From him that shuns, and flies me every where?
I have a nobler mind, and you shall see
I can disdain and scorn as much as he:
For tho 'tis true, I never can be yours;
Both *Rome* and him my heart this hour abjures.
Ant. To banish him your heart, whilst you prepare,
What will you do with all the Love that's there?
There's no one Mortal can deserve it all,
And sure a little to my share might fall.
Ber. Oh of that killing Subject, talk no more,
I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.
Love for another struck me with his Dart,
And 'tis not in my power to force my heart.
Ant. When first my Passion was disdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your esteem.
But now at last his breach of Faith you see,
And bear it nobly too: how can it be
T' your self so Just, and yet so hard to me?

Ber. What cruel ſtorms, and fierce aſſaults you make,
To batter down a heart you cannot take!
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'r?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.
Antio. O ſtay, ſince of the Victory you are ſecure,
Pitty the pains and anguiſh I endure; [*Kneels*
In wounds which you and none but you can cure.
Look back, whilſt at your feet my ſelf I caſt,
And think the ſigh that's coming is my laſt.
My heart it's ſad eternal farewell takes:
Be but ſo kind to ſee me when it breaks.
Ber. Riſe, riſe my Lord. The Emperor's return'd.
Conduct me hence, let me not more be ſcorn'd.

Enter Titus.

Tit. How am I loſt! reſolve on what I will,
Spite of my ſelf I wander this way ſtill.
Why would you *Berenice* my preſence ſhun?
Ber. No! I'le hear nothing, I've reſolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my ſight?
Why come you thus t'exaſperate my deſpair?
Are you yet not content? I know you are.
Tit. If ever yet my heart was dear to yours;
By all our plighted vows, thoſe ſofteſt hours
In which for ever to be true I ſwore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.
Ber. I till to morrow had your leave to ſtay;
But my reſolves are to be gone to day.
And I depart.
Tit. No journey muſt you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his griefs forſake?
No! Stay----
Ber. I ſtay! Ungrateful as you are.
For what? a Peoples rude affronts to bear.
That with the ſound of my misfortune rend
The Clouds, and ſhouts to Heaven in Vollys ſend?
Does not their cruel joy yet reach your ears,
Whilſt I alone Torment my ſelf in tears?
By what offence or crime are they thus mov'd?
Alas! what have I done, but too much Lov'd?

Tit.

Tit. D'you mind the voice of an outragious throng?
I ever thought your conſtancy more ſtrong.
Never believ'd your heart ſo weak could be,
Whoſe powerful charms had captivated me.
Ber. All that I ſee diſtraction does create,
Theſe rich Apartments and this Pompous State.
Theſe Places where I ſpent my happieſt hours,
And plighted all my Vows, falſe Man, to yours.
All, as moſt vile Impoſtors I deteſt,
How ſtrangely, *Titus*, might we have been bleſt!
Tit. This art to torture ſouls where did you learn?
Or was it in your nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice*! how you deſtroy me!
Atendants, bring your Chair nearer.
Ber. No,
Return and to your famous Senate go;
That for your cruelties applaud you ſo.
Have you not honour to your full delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more inexpiation can you do?
Have you not ever ſworn to hate me too?
Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?
This hard ſuſpition was unjuſtly urg'd,
'Gainſt a poor heart too much before ſurcharg'd.
Oh Madam! know me better, and recall
The wrong, ſince firſt I at your feet did fall.
Count all the ſingle days and minutes paſt,
Where in my vows and my deſires I preſt.
And at this time your greateſt Conqueſt know,
For you were never ſo belov'd as now.
Nor ever-----
Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own,
Yet you your ſelf command me to be gone.
Is my deſpair ſo charming to your view?
D' you think the tears I ſhed are all too few?
Of ſuch a heart, a vain return you make,
No never call thoſe dear Idea's back.
But ſuffer me inthis belief to reſt;
That ſecretly, long ſince exil'd your breaſt,

I only from a faithleſs wretch depart,
And one that never lays the loſs to heart.
If you had Lov'd me, this had nere been ſent,
Here you have commanded me to baniſhment. [*Opens the Tablets*
What wondrous Love you bear me this doth ſhow.
Read, read, ungrateful, read and let me go. [*Gives him the Tabelto*

Tit. You ſhall not go, I have not given conſent,
Nor will I ever to your baniſhment.
Your cruel reſolution I deſcry,
To be reveng'd of me you ſeek to dye.
And then of all I love, except the pain,
Nought but the ſad remembrance will remain.
Antiochus! be thou a witneſs here } Ber. *ſinks down in*
Of all my miſery and my deſpair. } *a Chair.*

Antio. Deſpair's a Theam I only underſtand;
You, if you will, your wiſhes may command.
Such Beauty ready for poſſeſſion ſee,
And leave that ugly hag Deſpair, to me.

Antio. Behold thoſe eyes how dull and dark they grow!
Madam, when at your feet I fall thus low, [*Kneels.*
Vouchſafe my ſad afflictions to believe,
Alas! 'tis all the eaſe I'm like to have.
When firſt the dreadful minute I beheld;
That by my duty and the Laws compel'd,
I found it forc'd that you muſt hence depart.
Though nothing e're can baniſh you my heart.
'Twas then my ſoul had firſt a ſenſe of fears,
Foreſeeing your reproaches and your tears.
I then expected, Madam, all the weight
Of woes that can on worſt misfortunes light.
But whatſoever fears oppreſt my heart,
I find I but foreſaw the leſſer part.
I thought my vertue not ſo apt to bow;
And am aſham'd 'tis thus intangled now.

Ber. Let me alone and vex my ſoul no more,
You of your vertue talk't enough before.
Urge it not ſtill to aggravate my ſhame.
When Crown'd with conqueſt from the wars you came,
I know you brought me but to fill your ſtate;
For elſe the triumph had not been complete.

Tit.

Tit. Since you have then resolv'd: It shall be so.
And judg by this if y'are belov'd or no.
No longer Torments on my soul shall prey,
Since I to freedom see so brave a way;
A way by more than one great Roman shown,
Who, when their Misery's had prest 'em down,
Propt from within, shook off with life, the weight, } *Offers to*
And thus fell nobly grapling with their fate. } *stab himself*
Ber. Oh stay! to wrong me more what way dy'e take?
Would *Titus* die for *Berenices* sake?
I see the blow you cruelly prepare
To wound that breast where I, you say, have share.
To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done,
No, rather strike this heart, that's all your own.
Tit. Best of thy sex! and dearest, now I see.
How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee.
Hence ye, perplexing Cares, that clog a brain,
Whilst struck with extasie, I here fall down. [*Kneels*
Thus at your feet a happy prostrate laid,
I'm much more blest than if the world I swaid.
Ber. Now the blest *Berenice* enough has seen: [*Kneels*
I thought your Love had quite extinguisht been:
But 'twas my error, for you still are true.
Your heart is troubled, and your tears I view.
Ev'n my worst sufferings much o'repaid I see,
Nor shall th' unhappy world be curst for me,
Nothing since first 'twas yours, my love would shake,
So absolute a Conquest did you make.
But now I'le bring it to the utmost test,
And with one fucal Act crown all the rest.
Tit. Hah! tell me *Berenice* what will you do?
Ber. Far from your sight and *Rome* for ever go:
I have resolv'd on't, and it shall be so.
Tit. Antiochus! I 'm born to be undone;
When I the greatest conquest thought t'have won:
Ev'n in my noblest race I am out-run.
But thou wer't always gen'rous, always kind;
Your inlarg'd Kingdom shall to hers be joyn'd.
And now how much you are my faithful friend;

In

In being so to her, you'l best express. } *Falling on*
Never forsake her in sad distress. } *his neck.*
Where e're she goes, for ever with her be.
And sometimes in my absence sigh for me.
Antio. Arsaces! on thy bosome let me lye,
While I but take one last dear look, and die.
Ber. No live: and by a generous strife out-do
Us both, and of your self be conqu'rour too.
Farewel.
Let us all three a rare example prove:
Of a most tender though unhappy love.
Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I restore.
Farewell and reign, I'le never see you more. [*Ex.* Ber.
Antio. Oh Heaven!
Tit. She's gone and all I valu'd lost:
Now Friend, let *Rome*, of her great Emp'ror boast.
Since they themselves first taught me cruelty,
I'le try how much a Tyrant I can be.
Henceforth all thoughts of pitty I'le disown,
And with my arms the Universe ore-run.
Rob'd of my Love, through ruins purchase fame,
And make the world's as wretched as I am.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The

THE Cheats of Scapin.

Act First. Scene First.

Enter *Octavian, Shift.*

Oct. THIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already

Sh. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Sh. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a resolution to Marry me?

Sh. Yes, Sir, To Marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Sh. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Sh. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busie in Contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first prudent, and then good natur'd.

Oct. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happen'd in his absence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

Sh. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Oct. Dis-inheriting is the least I can expect.

Sh. You should have thought of this before, and not have fallen in Love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover*-Coach; she is indeed a good smug Lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some——

Oct. Villain.

Sh. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Oct. I have no Friend that can appeaſe my Father's anger, and now I ſhall be betrayed to want and miſery.

Sh. For my part, I know but one Remedy in our misfortunes.

Oct. Prithee what is it?

Sh. You know that Rogue and arch-Cheat *Scapin.*

Oct. Well; What of him?

Sh. There is not a more ſubtle Fellow breathing; ſo cunning, he can cheat one newly Cheated; 'tis ſuch a Wheadling Rogue, I'll undertake in two hours he ſhall make your Father forgive you all, nay, allow you Money for your neceſſary Debauches: I ſaw him in three days, make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymiſt and Projector.

Oct. He is the fitteſt perſon in the World for my Buſineſs; the Impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peeviſh old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll ſet him a work immediately.

Sh. See where he comes—Monſieur *Scapin!*

Enter *Scapin.*

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Sh. I have been giving my Maſter a brief Account of thy moſt Noble Qualities: I told him, thou wert as Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, Sincere as Whores, Honeſt as Pimps in want.

Scap. Alas Sir! I but Copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you ſcorn the Gibbets, Halters and Priſons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Oct. Oh *Scapin!* I am utterly ruin'd without thy aſſiſtance.

Scap. Why? What's the matter good Mr. *Octavian?*

Oct. My Father is this day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe,* with a reſolution to Marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Oct. Thou knoweſt I am already Married; How will my Father reſent my Diſobedience? I am for ever loſt, unleſs thou canſt find ſome means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Marriage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all ſhall be well: I am publick-ſpirited; I love to help diſtreſſed young Gentlemen, and thank Heav'n I have had good ſucceſs enough.

Oct. Beſides, My preſent want muſt be conſidered, I am in rebellion without any Money.

Scap.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occaſion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority, ruin ſuch little Undertraders as I am.

Oct. Well, Get thee ſtraight about thy Bus'neſs: Canſt thou make no uſe of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I ſhall want his aſſiſtance; the Knave has Cunning, and may be uſeful.

Sh. Ay Sir; But like other wiſe Men, I am not over-Valiant: Pray leave me out of this Bus'neſs; my Fears will betray you; you ſhall execute, I'll ſit at home and adviſe.

Scap. I ſtand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou haſt enough of that: Come, come, thou ſhalt along; What, Man, ſtand out for a Beating? That's the worſt can happen.

Sh. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Oct. Here comes my deareſt *Clara.*

Cla. Ah me *Octavian!* I hear ſad News: They ſay, your Father is return'd.

Oct. Alas! 'Tis true, and I am the moſt unfortunate perſon in the World; but 'tis not my own miſery that I conſider, but yours: How can you bear thoſe wants to which we muſt be both reduc'd?

Clar. Love ſhall teach me, that can make all things eaſie to us, which is a ſign it is the chiefeſt good: But I have other Cares; Will you be ever conſtant? Shall not your Father's Severity conſtrain you to be falſe?

Oct. Never, my deareſt, never.

Clar. They that love much, may be allow'd ſome fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you ſpeak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Clar. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You muſt appear reſolute at firſt: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Souldier; or what will frighten him worſe, ſay, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Compoſition.

Oct. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practiſe a little what you are to do. Suppoſe me your Father, very grave and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very careleſly, like a ſmall Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more ſurlily:---Very well:---Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority.———

Octavian, Thou makeſt me weep to ſee thee; but alas they are not tears of joy, but tears of ſorrow. Did ever ſo good a Father beget ſo lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother Vertuous, I ſhould pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate*-Bird, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick haſt thou play'd me in my abſence? Marry'd? Yes: but to whom? Nay that thou knoweſt not. I'l warrant you ſome Waiting-Woman corrupted in a Civil Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-Houſes, remov'd from thence by ſome Keeping Coxcomb, or———

Cla. Hold *Scapin*, Hold——

Scap. No offence Lady, I ſpeak but anothers words.

Thou abominable Raſcal, thou ſhall not have a groat, not a groat. Beſides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my houſe——Why Sir, you reply not a word, but ſtand as baſhfully, as a Girl that's examin'd by a Bawdy Judge, about a Rape.

Oct. Look yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay *Shift*, and get you two gone, let me alone to manage the old fellow. [*Exit Oct.* and *Clara.*

Enter Thrifty.

Th. Was there ever ſuch a raſh action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Buſineſs, and is now ſo full of it, that he vents it to himſelf.

Th. I would fain hear what they can ſay for themſelves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a diſtance.*

Th. Will they be ſo Impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Th. Or will they endeavour to excuſe it?

Scap. That perhaps we may doe.

Th. But all ſhall be in vain.

Scap. We'l try that.

Th. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son faſt.

Scap. That we muſt prevent.

Th.

Th. And for that Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'le thraſh him to death, I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Th. I wondred he had forgot me ſo long.

Th. Oh Oh! Yonder the Raſcal is, that brave Governour, he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoyed at your ſafe return.

Th. Good morrow *Scapin*, indeed you have followed my Inſtructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himſelf very prudently in my abſence, has he not Raſcal, has he not?

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Th. Very well --- Thou ſayſt not a word Varlet, thou ſayſt not a word.

Scap. Had you a good Voyage Mr. *Thrifty?*

Th. Lord Sir! A very good Voyage, pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler Sir?

Th. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Th. With that confounded Rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reaſon?

Th. Upon what reaſon? haſt thou not heard what hath happened in my abſcence.

Scap. I have heard a little Idle ſtory.

Th. A little Idle ſtory. Quoth a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried, but I would adviſe you to make no more of it.

Th. I am not of your opinion, I'le make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord Sir, I have ſtormed about this buſineſs as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him indeed, Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well, to wrong ſo good a Father: I preached him three or four times aſleep, but all would not do, 'till at laſt, when I had well examined the Buſineſs I found you had not ſo much wrong done you as you Imagine.

Th. How not wrong done me to have my Son married without my conſent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas he was ordained to it.

Th. That's fine indeed, we ſhall ſteal, cheat, murder, and ſo be hang'd, then ſay we were ordained to it.

Scap.

Scap. Truly I did not think you ſo ſubtile a Phyloſopher, I mean he was fatally engaged in this affair.

Th. Why did he Engage himſelf?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wiſe as your ſelf, young men will have their follies, witneſs my charge *Leander*; who has gon and thrown away himſelf at a ſtranger rate then your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your ſelf; yes I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Th. Yes, but they never coſt me any thing; a man may be as frail and as wicked as he pleaſe, if it coſt him nothing.

Scap. Alas he was ſo in Love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he muſt have certainly hang'd himſelf;

Sh. Muſt! why he had already done it, But that I came very ſeaſonably and cut the rope.

Th. Didſt thou cut the rope, Dog? 'Ile Murther thee for that thou ſhouldeſt have let him hang.

Scap. Beſides, her Kindred ſurprized him with her, and forc't him to marry her.

Th. Then ſhould he have preſently gone, and proteſted againſt the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord Sir, he ſcorn'd that.

Th. Then might I eaſily have diſanulled the Martiage.

Scap. Diſanul the marriage.

Th. Yes.

Scap. You ſhall not break the marriage.

Th. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Th. What ſhall not I claim the priviledge of a Father, and have the Satisfaction for the violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never conſent to.

Th. He will not conſent to!

Scap. No. Would you have him confeſs he was hector'd into any thing, that is to declare himſelf a Coward: Oh fie Sir, one that has Honour of being your Son, can never do ſuch a thing.

Th. Piſh, talk not to me of Honour, he ſhall do it or be diſ-inherited.

Scap. Who ſhall diſ-inherit him?

Th. That will I Sir.

Scap. You diſ-inherit him! very good.

Th.

Th. How very good?
Scap. You ſhall not diſ-inherit him.
Th. Shall not I diſ-inherit him?
Scap. No.
Th. No!
Scap. No.
Th. Sir, you are very merry; I ſhall not diſinherit my Son?
Scap. No I tell you.
Th. Pray who ſhall hinder me?
Scap. Alas Sir, your own ſelf Sir; your own ſelf.
Th. I my ſelf?
Scap. Yes Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.
Th. You ſhall find I can Sir.
Scap. Come you deceive your ſelf, Fatherly affection muſt ſhow it ſelf, it muſt, it muſt; do not I know you were ever tender hearted.
Th. Y'are miſtaken Sir, Y'are miſtaken:— Piſh, why do I ſpend my time in tittle tattle with this Idle fellow?— Hang-dog go find out my rake-hell —— [*to Shift.*
whil'ſt I go to my Brother *Gripe* and Inform him of my misfortune.
Scap. In the mean time if I can do you any ſervice.—
Th. Oh! I thank you Sir, I thank you.—— [*Exit Thrift.*
Shift. I muſt confeſs thou art a brave Fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better poſture —but the money, the money— we are abominable poor, and my Maſter has lean Vigilant dunns that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when ſhe ſolicits a maintenance for her diſcarded Daughter.
Scap. Your money ſhall be my next care —let me ſee, I want a fellow to— Canſt thou not Counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alſatia*? — Stalk— look big— very well. Follow me, I have ways to diſguiſe thy voice and countenance.
Sh. Pray take a little care and lay your plot ſo that I may not act the Bully all wayes, I would not be beaten like a Bully.
Scap. We'l ſhare the danger, we'l ſhare the danger.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Thrifty* and *Gripe*.

Gr. SIr, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath ſtrangely fruſtrated our Deſigns.

Thr. Sir, trouble not your ſelf about my Son, I have undertaken to remove all Obſtacles, which is the buſineſs I am ſo vigorouſly in purſuit of.

Gr. In troth, Sir, I'l tell you what I ſay to you, The Education of Children after the getting of e'm, ought to be the neareſt Concern of a Father: And had you tutored your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could ſo ſlightly have forfeited his.

Thr. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence. Thoſe that are ſo quick to Cenſure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought firſt to take Care that all be well at home.

Gr. Why Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thr. It may be I have, and it may be worſe than of my own.

Gr. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thr. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or ſome body elſe: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Meſſenger of ill news to one that I think ſo to me: Your Servant: I muſt haſten to my Councel to adviſe what's to be done in this Caſe. God-bu'y till I ſee you again. [*Ex. Thrifty.*

Gr. Worſe than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; For a Son to marry impudently without the Conſent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Oh my Dear Father, how Joyful am I to ſee you ſafely return'd. Welcome as the Bleſſing which I am now craving will be.

Gr. Not ſo faſt Friend'a mine, ſoft and fair goes far Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ee mean Sir?

Gr. Stand ſtill, and let me look yee in the Face.

Leand.

Leand. How must I stand Sir?

Gr. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well Sir I do.

Gr. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gr. Yes Report Sir, I speak English as I take it, What is't that you have done in my absence?

Leand. What is't Sir which you would have had me done?

Gr. I do not ask you what I would have had you done; but what you have done.

Leand. Who I Sir? Why I have done nothing at all, not I Sir.

Gr. Nothing at all! *(Leand.)* No Sir,

Gr. You have no Impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

Gr. Very well, But *Scapin*, d'ye mark me young man, *Scapin* has told me some tales of your Behaviour?

Leand. Scapin!

Gr. Oh have I caught you? That name makes ye blush do's it? 'Tis well you have some Grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gr. That shall be examined anon. In the mean while get you home d'ye hear. And stay till my return; But look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or see my Face more; but expect to be as miserable as thy folly and poverty can make thee. [*Exit.* Gr.

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition. This Rascal has betrayed my marriage and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by rapine: and to set my hand in, the first thing shall be to Cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruined me.

Enter Oct. *and* Scapin.

Oct. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand, Yonder he comes: I'm overjoyed to see you good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir your most humble Servant, You honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fools part, But I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir.

Oct. Hold *Leander.*

Leand. No, *Octavian*, I'le make him confeſs the Treachery he has committed; yes Varlet Dog, I know the trick you have playd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But i'le make you confeſs it, or I'le run my Sword in your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do ſuch a thing? have I done you any Injury Sir?

Leand. Yes Raſcal that you have, and I'le make you own it too, or I'le ſwing it out of your already tan'd thick hide. [*Beats him*]

Scap. The Devil's in't, Lord Sir, what d'yee mean? Nay good Mr. *Leander*, pray Mr. *Leander*; Squire *Leander* — As I hope to be ſaved—

Oct. Prithee be quiet: for ſhame enough:— [*Interpoſeth*]

Scap. Well Sir, I confeſs indeed that——

Leand. What! ſpeak Rogue.

Scap. About two Months agoe you may remember, a Maid Servant dyed in the houſe.—

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay Sir, if I confeſs you muſt not be angry.

Leand. Well go on.

Scap. 'Twas ſaid ſhe dyed for love of me Sir; But let that paſs.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon;

Scap. About a week after her death, I dreſt my ſelf up like her Ghoſt, and went into Madam *Lucia* your Miſtreſſes Chamber, where ſhe lay half in half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book,

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap. They both beleive it was a Ghoſt to this hour. But it was my ſelf playd the Goblin to fright her from the Scurvy Cuſtome of lying awake at thoſe unſeaſonable hours, hearing filthy Plays when ſhe had never ſaid her Prayers.

Leand. I ſhall remember you for all in time, and place; But come to the point, and tell me what thou haſt ſaid to my Father.

Scap. To you Father? I have not ſo much as ſeen him ſince his return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you ſo himſelf.

Leand. Yes he has told me himſelf, and told me all thou haſt ſaid to him!

Scap. With your good leave Sir, then he ly'd, I beg your pardon I mean he was miſtaken. [Enter *Sly*]

Sly. Oh Sir, I bring you the moſt unhappy news.

Leand.

Leand. Whats the matter?

Sly. Your Miſtreſs Sir, is yonder arreſted in an Action of 200 *l.* They ſay 'tis a debt ſhe left unpaid at *London*; in the haſt of her eſcape hither to *Dover*, and if you do not raiſe money within this two hours to diſcharge her, Shee'l be hurried to priſon.

Leand. Within this two hours?

Sly. Yes Sir, within this two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor *Scapin*, I want thy aſſiſtance.

[Scapin *walks about Surlily*]

Scap. Ah my poor *Scapin*! Now I'm your poor *Scapin* now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou haſt done, and worſe if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No no, never pardon me, run your Sword in my Guts; you'l do better to Murder me.

Leand. For Heaven's ſake; think no more upon that, but ſtudy now to aſſiſt me.

Oct. You muſt do ſomething for him.

Scap. Yes to have my bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me *Scapin* in this ſevere extremity!

Scap. To put ſuch an affront upon me as you did;

Leand. I wrong'd thee I confeſs.

Scap. To uſe me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Raſcal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy withall my Heart, and if thou wilt have me throw my ſelf at thy Feet, I'le doo't.

Oct. Faith *Scapin* you muſt, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then; But d'yee mark me Sir, another time better words and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promiſe to mind my buſineſs?

Scap. As I ſee convenient, Care ſhall be taken,

Leand. But the time you know is ſhort.

Scap. Pray Sir, don't be ſo troubleſome: How much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds.—*(Scap.)* And you?—*(Oct.)* As much.

Scap. No more to be ſaid. It ſhall be done; For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father though he be covetous to the laſt degree, Yet thanks be to Heaven hee's but a ſhallow per- } *To* Leander.

ſon, his parts are not extraordinary, do not take it ill Sir, for you have no reſemblance of him; But that y'are very like him; Begon I ſee *Octavians* Father coming, I'le begin with him.

[*Exeunt Oct.* and *Leand.*

[*Enter* Thrifty]

Here he comes mumbling and chewing the Cud to prove himſelf a clean Beaſt.

Thr. Oh audacious Boy, to commit ſo inſolent a Crime, and plunge himſelf into ſuch a miſchief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thr. How do you *Scapin?*

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Sons raſh Action.

Thr. Have I not reaſon to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't; But your Philoſopher is alwaies prepared I remember an Excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Caſe.

Thr. What's that?

Scap. Pray mind it, 'twill do ye a World of good.

Thr. What is't I ask you?

Scap. Why; When the Maſter of a Family ſhall be abſent any conſiderable time from his home or Manſion, he ought rationally, gravely, wiſely, and Philoſophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent Circumſtances, that may during the Interval conſpire to the Conjunction of thoſe misfortunes, and troubleſome accidents, that may intervene upon the ſaid abſence, and the interruption of his Oeconomical inſpection, into the remiſsneſs, negligences, frailties, and huge and perillous Errours, which his Subſtitutes, Servants, or Truſtees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto, which may ariſe from the imperfection and corruptneſs of ingenerated Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Diſpoſition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Converſation run conſequently defiled, and impure: Theſe things premiſed, and fore-conſidered, arm the ſaid prudent Philoſophical *Pater Familias*, to find his Houſe laid waſte, his Wife murdered, his Daughters deflowred, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perſcribere longum eſt;

and to thank Heaven 'tis no worſe too: D'ye mark, Sir?

Thr. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

Scap.

Scap. Ay, and the beſt Proverb, and the wiſeſt in the World: Good Sir, get it by heart: I'will do ye the greateſt good imaginable; and don't trouble your ſelf: I'le repeat it to you, till you have gotten it by heart.

Thr. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do; you'l like it better next time; hear it once more, I ſay——When the Maſter of a——

Thr. Hold, hold, I have better thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your ſelf among Lawyers? Do you not ſee every day how the Spunges ſuck poor Clyents, and with a company of fooliſh, non-ſenſical terms, and knaviſh tricks, undo the Nation: No, you ſhall take another way.

Thr. You have reaſon, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compaſſion for your grief; I cannot when I ſee tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons miſcarriages, but have bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thr. Truly my Caſe is ſad, very ſad.

Scap. So it is; tears will burſt out; I have a great reſpect for your perſon. [*Counterfeits weeping.*

Thr. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we ſhould have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, ſo we ſhould; I aſſure you there is not a perſon in the World whom I reſpect more than the Noble Mr. *Thrifty.*

Thr. Thou art honeſt *Scapin.* Ha' done, ha' done.

Scap. Sir, Your moſt humble Servant.

Thr. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, In brief I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has Married.

Thr. What is he?

Scap. A moſt outragious roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a ſwell'd red Face enflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths and bellows out Curſes enough in a Day, to ſerve a Garriſon a Week; bred up in blood and rapine, uſed to ſlaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conſcience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Lowſe; he has killed ſixteen, four for taking the Wall of him; five for looking too big upon him; two he ſhot piſſing againſt the Wall: In ſhort, he is the moſt dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thr.

Thr. Heav'n! How do I tremble at the Deſcription? But what's this to my Buſineſs?

Scap. Why, He (as moſt Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courſes of Law, all the aſſiſtance of your Friends, and your great Purſe, (in which I ventur'd my life ten times, for ſo often he drew and run at me) yet, I ſay, at laſt I have made him hearken to a Compoſition, and to null the Marriage for a ſum of Money.

Thr. Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what ſum?

Scap. Faith, He was damnably unreaſonable at firſt, and gad I told him ſo very roundly.

Thr. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500 *l.*

Thr. Ouns and Heart, 500 *l.* Five hundred Devils take him,--- and fry and frigaſſee the Dog; does he take me for a mad-Man?

Scap. Why, ſo I ſaid; and after much argument *I* brought him to this: Dammee, ſays he, *I* am going to the Army, and *I* muſt have Two good Horſes for my ſelf, for fear one ſhould die; and thoſe will coſt at leaſt Threeſcore Guinea's.

Thr. Hang him Rogue! Why ſhould he have two Horſes? But *I* care not if *I* give Threeſcore Guinea's to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, ſays he, my Piſtols, Saddle, Hoſe, Cloth, and all, will coſt Twenty more.

Thr. Why, That's Fourſcore.

Scap. Well reckoned; faith, this Arithmatick is a fine Art Then *I* muſt have One for my Boy, will coſt Twenty more.

Thr. Oh the Devil! Confounded Dog! Let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thr. Not a Sous, damn'd Raſcal, let him turn Foot-Souldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man beſides; Would you have him go a Foot?

Thr. Ay, and his Maſter too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, You are reſolv'd to ſpend twice as much at *Doctors Commons*, you are, you will ſtand out for ſuch a Sum as this; do.

Thr. Hah! Oh damn'd unconſcionable Raſcal! well if i muſt be ſo. Let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thr. No I'le have nothing to do in it. Oh a Coveteous Rogue! I wonder he is not aſhamed to be ſo Covetous.

Scap.

Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at Doctors Commons, and though her Brother has no Money, she has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thr. Oh Eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Divels in him I think!

Scap. Then saies he, I must carry into *France* money to buy a Mule to carry———

Thr. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'le appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay good Sir, think a little.

Thr. No, I'le do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thr. No not so much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thr. I will not consider, I'le go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law you do not consider the Appeales, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of so many Ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, Villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; None of which but will puff away the cleerest right in the World for a Bribe; on the other side the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, And sell your cause for ready Money; Your Advocate shall be gained the same way, And shall not be found when your cause is to be heard: Law is a torment of all torments.

Thr. That's true: Why what does the damn'd Rogue —— reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands and will have two hundred pounds.

Th. Come, come, let's go to Law. } Thr. *walks up and down*
Scap. Do but reflect upon—— } *in a great heat.*

Th. I'le go to Law?

Scap. Do not plunge your self.

Thr. To Law I'le tell you?

Scap. Why there's for Procuration, Presentation, Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles, Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings—— Expedition Fees, besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the money, give him it I say.

Thr.

Thr. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'l gain 150 *l.* by it, I have summ'd it up; I say give it him, I, faith do.

Thr. What 200 *l.*

Scap. Ay, besides you ne're think how they'l rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings, and Commutings in their Courts,

Thr. I defie 'em, let 'em tell of my whoring, 'tis the fashion.

Scap. Peace, Here's the Brother.

Thr. Oh Heaven! what shall I do. { *Enter* Shift *disguised like a Bully.*

Sh. Damme, where is this confounded Dog, this Father of *Octavian*? Null the Marriage: By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'le chine the Villain.

Thr. Oh, Oh! [*Hides himself behind* Scapin]

Scap. He cares not Sir, He'l not give the 200 *l.*

Sh. By Heaven, he shall be Worms-meat within these two hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Th. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Sh. He! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? Hah!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Sh. Nor none of his Friends?

Th. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Sh. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal.

Th. Oh! ay, hang him —— Oh damn'd Bully! (*Aside.*

Sh. Give me thy hand, old Boy, the next Sun shall not see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Th. Do not provoke him, *Scapin.*

Sh. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! hah! Here I had one through the Lungs; { *He foyns every way with his Sword.* there another into the Heart; Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah Rogues! there I was with you. Hah —— hah!

Scap. Hold Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Sh. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha, —— hah! (*Ex.* Shift.

Th. Here *Scapin*, I have two hundred Guinea's about me, take 'em,

e'm, No more to be ſaid, Let me never ſee his face again, take e'm I ſay, This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give e'm him your ſelf?

Th. No, no! I will never ſee him more. I ſhall not recover this theſe three Months. See the buſineſs done, I truſt in thee, Honeſt *Scapin*: I muſt repoſe ſomewhere; I am mightily out of Order—— A plague on all Bullies I ſay. [*Exit* Thrifty.

Scap. So ther's one diſpatcht, I muſt now find out *Gripe*; He's here, how Heaven brings e'm into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heaven! Unlookt for misfortune, poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do [*walks about diſtractedly*

Grip. What's that he ſays of me?

Scap. Is there no body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe?*

Grip. Who's there *Scapin*!

Scap. How I run up and down, to find him to go purpoſe! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe*?

Grip. Art thou blind, I have been juſt under thy Noſe this hour.

Scap. Sir,————

Grip. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your Son————

Grip. Hah, my Son——

Scap. Is fallen into the ſtrangeſt misfortune in the World.

Grip. What is't——

Scap. I met him a while ago, diſordered for ſomething you had ſaid to him, wherein you very idly made uſe of my Name. And ſeeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier; amongſt other things he took particular Notice of a New Caper in her full Trim, the Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handſomeſt Collation I ever met with.

Grip. Well, and where's the diſaſter of all this?

Scap. While we were eating he put to Sea; and when we were at a good diſtance from the Shoar, He diſcover'd himſelf to be an *Engliſh* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service; And ſent me off in his Long-Boat to tell you, That if you do not forthwith ſend him two hundred pounds, he'l carry away your Son Priſoner; Nay, for ought I know he may carry him a Slave to *Algier*.

Gr. How in the Devils name? 200 *l*!

Sca. Yes Sir, and more then that, he has allowed me but an hours time; you muſt adviſe quickly what courſe to take to ſave an only Son.

Gr. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard? —Run quickly *Scapin*, and tell the Villain Ile ſend my Lord Chief Juſtices Warrant after him.

Sca. Oh law! his Warrant in the open Sea, d'ye think Pyrates are Fooles?

Gr. I'th Devils name what buſineſs had he a Shipboard?

Sca. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to miſchief, Sir.

Gr. *Scapin* thou muſt now act the part of a faithful Servant.

Sca. As how, Sir?

Gr. Thou muſt go bid the Pyrate ſend me my Son and ſtay as a pledge in his room, till I can raiſe the Money.

Sca. Alas Sir, think you the Captain has ſo little wit as to accept of ſuch a poor Raſcally fellow as I am, inſtead of your Son?

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Sca. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two hours time.

Gr. Thou ſay'ſt he demands.——

Sca. 200 *l.*

Gr. 200 *l.* Has the fellow no Conſcience?

Sca. O law! the Conſcience of a Pyrate, why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gr. Has he no reaſon neither? Do's he know what the Sum of 200 *l.* is.

Sca. Yes Sir, Tarpawlins are a ſort of People that underſtand Money, though they have no great acquaintance with Sence. But for Heav'ns ſake diſpatch.

Gr. Here take the key of my Compting Houſe.

Sca. So.

Gr. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. In the left hand Window lyes the Key of my Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Cheſt, and ſell 'em to the Brokers, to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, Y' are mad; I ſhan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am ſtreightned for time.

Gr. But what a Devil did he do a Ship-board?

Scap. Let Ship-board alone, and conſider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n

Heav'n is my witneſs, I ha' done for him as much as was poſſible, and if he be not redeemed, he may thank his Father's kindneſs.

Gr. Well, Sir, I'll go ſee if I can raiſe the Money. Was it not nineſcore Pounds you ſpoke of?

Scap. No, 200 *l.*

Gr. What, 200 *l. Dutch*, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean *Engliſh* Money, 200 *l.* ſterling.

Gr. I'th Devil's Name, what buſineſs had he a Ship-board? Confounded Ship-board.

Scap. This Ship-board ſticks in his Stomach.

Gr. Hold *Scapin*, I remember I received the very Sum juſt now in Gold, but did not think I ſhould have parted with it ſo ſoon.

He preſents Scapin *his Purſe, but will not let it go, and in his tranſportments, pulls his Arm to and fro, whilſt* Scapin *reaches at it.*

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gr. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gr. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I ſhall, Sir.

Gr. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 *l.* contrary to all Law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gr. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

Scap. Right, Sir. [*He puts up his Purſe, and is going away.*

Gr. Now make haſt, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money?

Gr. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gr. Ha——my griefs and fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I ſee it does indeed.

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Ship-board?——Damn'd Pyrate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell purſue thee.

Scap. How eaſily a Miſer ſwallows a Load, and how difficultly he diſgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him ſo, he's like to pay in other Coyn, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Oct. *and* Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have ſucceeded in your Buſineſs, there's 200*l.* which I have ſqueez'd out of your Father. } *to* Octavian.

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin.*

Scap. But for you I can do nothing——— [*To* Leander.

Lea. Then may I go hang my ſelf. Friends both adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear; the Devil has no ſuch neceſſity for you yet, that you need ride Poſt. With much ado I've got your Buſineſs done too.

Lea. Is't poſſible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge my ſelf on your Father, for the Trick he has ſerved me.

Lea. With all my heart, at thy own diſcretion, good honeſt *Scapin.*

Scap. Hold your hand, there's 200 *l.*

Lea. My thanks are too many to pay now; Farewel dear Son of *Mercury*, and be proſperous.

Scap. Gramercy Pupil: Hence we gather,
Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

The End of the Second Act.

Act Third. Scene Firſt.

Enter Lucia *and* Clara.

Lucia. WAS ever ſuch a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governeſſes, where our careful Fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young Gentlemen, only becauſe they ſaid they lov'd us, I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize? I am afraid the good fortune we ſhall get by it, will very hardly recompence the reputation we have loſt by it.

Clar. Our greateſt ſatisfaction is, that they are Men of faſhion and credit, and for my part I long ago reſolv'd not to Marry any other, nor ſuch a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an aſſurance of *Octavian*'s that brought me hither.

Lucia. I muſt confeſs, I had no leſs a ſence of the Faith and Honour of *Leander.*

Clar.

Clar. But ſeems it not wonderful, that the Circumſtances of our Fortune ſhould be ſo near ally'd, and our ſelves ſo much Strangers. Beſides, if I miſtake not, I ſee ſomething in *Leander*, ſo much reſembling a Brother of mine, of the ſame Name, that did not the time ſince I ſaw him make me fearful, I ſhould be often apt to call him ſo.

Lucia. I have a Brother too, whoſe Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and juſt as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the reaſon I have not ſeen him yet: But if I deceive not my ſelf, there is ſomething in your *Octavian*, that extreamly refreſhes my memory of him.

Clar. I wiſh we might be ſo happy, as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a ſtrange blind ſide in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe what we moſt earneſtly deſire.

Lucia. The worſt at laſt, is but to be forſaken by our Fathers; and for my part, I had rather loſe an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and ſecure my ſelf againſt the Impoſition of fatherly Authority.

Clar. How inſufferable it is to be ſacrificed to the Arms of a nauſeous Blockhead, that has no other ſenſe than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, riſe in the morning, and go to Bed at night, and with much ado be perſwaded to keep himſelf clean.

Lucia. A thing of meer Fleſh and Blood, and that of the worſt ſort too, with a ſquinting meager hang-Dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Phyſick for the Worms.

Clar. Yet ſuch their ſilly Parents are generally moſt indulgent to, like Apes, never ſo well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Iſſue.

Lucia. Twenty to one, but to ſome ſuch charming Creatures, our careful Fathers had deſign'd us.

Clar. Parents think they do their Daughters the greateſt kindneſs in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill, if they make the right uſe of them.

Lucia. I'de no more be bound to ſpend my days in Marriage to a Fool, becauſe I might rule him, than I would always ride an Aſs, becauſe the Creature was gentle.

Clar. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Deſigns and Affairs, as a Callow Stateſman at a Treaty of Peace.

Scap. Ladies!

Clar.

Clar. Oh Monſieur *Scapin!* What's the reaſon you have been ſuch a Stranger of late?

Scap. Why, faith Ladies, Buſineſs, Buſineſs, has taken up my time, and truly I love an active life, love my Buſineſs extreamly.

Lucia. Methinks tho, this ſhould be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find imployment in?

Scap. Why, faith Madam, I'm never ſhy to my Friends: My Buſineſs is, in ſhort, like that of all other Men of Buſineſs, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and Cheat, to get an honeſt Livelyhood.

Clar. Certainly, Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courſes?

Scap. Oh Madam! Wit and Honeſty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Reliſh to a good Fortune, and paſs well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themſelves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac't Knave; hang his Wit, ſo he be but Rogue enough.

Lucia. You'r grown very much out of humour with Wit, *Scapin*, I hope, yours has done you no prejudice of late?

Scap. No, Madam, Your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, reſtive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, puſhing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Clar. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like moſt others of the Female Sex, (I ſpeak all this with reſpect to your Ladiſhip) is generally moſt Indulgent to the nimble melted Block-Heads, Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they ſhould be Active; why who beleives any man of wit to have ſo much as Courage. No Ladies, if y'ave any Friends that hope to raiſe themſelves, adviſe them to be as much fools as they can, and they'l near want Patrons: And for honeſty, if your Ladiſhips think fit to retire a little further; you ſhall ſee me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Clara. Prithee *Lucia*, let us Retreat a little and take this opportunity of ſome divertiſement: which hath been very ſcarce here hitherto.

Enter

Enter Shift *with a Sack.*

Scap. Oh *Shift!*

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Masters coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the secrets of his Friend, if any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I loose this Nose with the Pox, without the pleasure of getting it:

Sh. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine: to the Indignity of bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures makes them pleasant when accomplisht

Sh. But your Adventures how Comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous Spirit; Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them, begone: here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe.

Oh Sir, Sir, shift for your self, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heavens sake.

Gr. What's the matter Man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask questions? will you be Murdered instantly? I am afraid you'l be killed within these two Minutes.

Gr. Mercy on me! killed for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gr. Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd, hee's A Captain of a Privatere, who has all sorts of Rogues, *English*, *Scotch*, *Welsh*, *Irish*, *French*, under his command; and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, becaus you would Null the Marriage; they run up and down, crying where is the Rogue *Gripe*, where is the Dog, where is the Slave *Gripe*; they watch for you so narrowly that there's no getting home to your House.

Gr. Oh *Scapin!* what shall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay Heaven knows, but if you come within their reach they'l De—wit you, they'l tear you in pieces: heark.

Gr. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum 'tis none of them?

Gr. Canſt thou find no way for my Eſcape, dear *Scapin*?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gr. Good *Scapin*, ſhow thy ſelf a man now.

Scap. I ſhall venture being moſt immoderately beaten.

Gr. Dear *Scapin*, do; I will Reward thee bounteouſly: Ile give thee this Suit when I have worn it 8 or 9 Months longer.

Scap. Liſten! who are theſe?

Gr. God forgive me, Lord have Mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'l ſave your life go into this Sack preſently.

Gr. Oh! whoſe there?

Scap. No body: get into the Sack and ſtir not, what ever happens, I'le carry you as a Bundle of Goods through all your Enemies to the Majors houſe, or the Caſtle?

Gr. An Admirable Invention, Oh! Lord quick. } *Gets into the Sack.*

Scap. Yes, 'tis an Excellent Invention; if you knew all, keep in your Head, Oh here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin *counterfeits a* Welſhman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's *Fathers, look you.*

In his own Voice.

How ſhould I know; what would you have with him---[*lie cloſe.*

Have with him, look you! her has no creat pus'neſs, but her woud have ſatisfactions and reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy *he ſhall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir,*

In his own Voyce.

He Affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

You lye Sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and chaſtiſements, for your Contradictions when hur Wells ploods up, look you, and hur will Cudgel your Packs and your Nottles for it, take you that pray you now.

His own Voyce, *Beat the Sack.*

Hold, hold, will you Murder me. I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach ſawcy Jacks how they profook Hur Welſe ploods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue hur will have his Guts and his plood look you Sir, or hur will never wear Leek upon St. Taffyes *day more, look you.*

His

His own Voice.

Oh! He has mawi'd me, a damn'd Welch *Rogue.*

Gr. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders: Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main ſubſtantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gr. Why did you not ſtand further off?

Scap. Peace—Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancaſhire *Dialect.*

Scap. *Yaw Fellee, wi'th Sack theere, done yaw knaw whear th'awd Raſcatt* Graip *is?*

Not I; but here is no Raſcal.

Yaw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw knawn weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, ond that he is a ſoo Raſcatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th' Meſs, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle th'bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to ſome tune.

Me, Sir? I don't underſtand ye.

Why, Th'awrt his Mon, thaw Hobble, I'll ſnite th' Naſe o'thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, What would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the firſt bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap by th' Meſs, and after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and Ay wot, he'll be a pratty ſwatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, ſayn ye? Ays find him by'r Lady, an he be above grawnt.

So, he's gone, a damn'd *Lancaſhire* Raſcal.

Gr. Oh good *Scapin!* go on quickly.

Hold, here's another. [Gr. *pops in his Head.*

In an Iriſh *Tone.*

Doſt thou hear Sack-man? Ipridee fare is de dam Dog Gripe?

His own Voice.

Why, What's that to you? What know I.

Fat's dat to me Joy? By my ſoul Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'l beat upon till thou doſt know, by my ſalvation indeed.

Scap. I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I ſwear by him that made me, if thou doſt not tell fare is Gripe, *but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.*

What would you have me do? I cann't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my ſoul, if I do ſee him, I will make Murther upon him, for my Captain's ſake.

Murther him? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat haſt dow in dat Sack? Joy, by my ſalvation I will look into it.

But you ſhall not. What have you to do with it?

By my ſoul Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gr. Oh! Oh!

Scap. *Fatt it does grunt, by my ſalvation; de Devil take me, I will ſee it indeed.*

You ſhall not ſee my Sack; I will defend it with my life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that upon my ſoul, and ſo I do take my leave Joy. [Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almoſt kill'd me.

Gr. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders.

Scap. You cann't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders!

Gr. Yours? Oh my Shoulders!

Scap. Peace, th'are a coming.

In a hoarſe Sea-man's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, ſwinge him with a Cat o'nine tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

In

In broken French-Engliſh.

If dere be no more Men in England, *I will kille him, I will put my Rapire in his Body, and I will give him two tree puſhé in de gutté.*

Here Scapin *Acts a Number of e'm together.*

We mun go this way —— *o'th' right hand, no to th' left hand* —— lye cloſe —— *ſearch ev'ry where* —— *by my ſalvation, I will kill the dam Dog* —— *and we do catch en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, an I do heer he went thick way* —— *no, ſtreight forward. Hold, here is his Man, where's your Maſter* —— *Dam me, where ? in Hell ? ſpeak* —— hold, not ſo furiouſly —— *and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee* ——

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him ſoundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll nere betray my Maſter.

Knock 'en down, beat 'en zoundly, to'en, at'en, at'en, at.

[*As he is going to ſtrike,* Gripe *peeps out, and* Scapin *takes to his heels.*

Gr. Oh Dog, Traitor, Villain ! Is this your Plot ? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue? Unheard of Impudence. [*Enter* Thrifty. Oh Brother *Thrifty* ! You come to ſee me loaden with diſgrace ; the Villain *Scapin* has, as I am ſenſible now, cheated me of 200 *l.* this beating brings all into my memory. [*Aſide.*

Th. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the ſame Sum ?

Gr. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am aſhamed to tell it ; but he ſhall pay for it ſeverely.

Th. But this is not all, Brother, one Misfortune is the forerunner of another : Juſt now I received Letters from *London,* that both our Daughters have run away from their Governeſſes, with two wild debaucht young Fellows, that they fell in Love with.

Enter Lucia. *and* Clara.

Luc. Was ever ſo malicious Impudence ſeen —— Hah —— Surely, if I miſtake not, that ſhould be my Father.

Cla. And the other mine, who *Scapin* has us'd thus.

Luc. Bleſs us ! Return'd, and we not know of it ?

Cla. What will they ſay to find us here?

Luc. My deareſt Father, Welcome to *England.*

Th. My Daughter *Luce?*

Luc. The ſame, Sir.

Gr. My *Clara* here too?

Cla. Yes, Sir, and happy to ſee your ſafe Arrival.

Th. What ſtrange deſtiny has directed this happineſs to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gr. Hey day!

Th. Oh Son! *I* have a Wife for you.

Oct. Good Father, All your Propoſitions are vain; I muſt needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Th. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now *I* have a mind to be merry, and be friends with you, you'l not let me now, will you? *I* tell you, Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter here———

Oct. I'le never marry Mr. *Gripe*'s daughter, Sir, as long as I Live; No, yonder's ſhe that I muſt Love, and can never Entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes *Octavian*, I have at laſt met with my Father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thr. Law ye now, you would be wiſer than the Father that begot you, would you? did not I always ſay you ſhould marry Mr. *Gripes* daughter? But you do not know your Siſter *Luce?*

Oct. Unlook'd for bleſſing, why ſhe's my friend *Leander*'s Wife!

Thr. How *Leander*'s Wife!

Gr. What my Son *Leander*?

Oct. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander.*

Gr. Indeed! well Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good natur'd Boy. Well now am I ſo overjoyed, that *I* could laugh till I ſhook my ſhoulders, but that *I* dare not they are ſo ſore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Lean. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is diſcovered; nor would *I* indeed, have longer concealed it, this is my Wife, and *I* muſt own her.

Gr. Brother *Thrifty* did you ever ſee the like, did you ever ſee the like? Ha?

Thr. Own her quoth a! why kiſs her, kiſs her, Man, oddsboddikins, when I was a young fellow and was firſt married, *I* did nothing elſe for three months. O my conſcience I got my Boy

Octi.

Octi. there; the first night before the Curtaines were quite drawn!

Gr. Well, 'tis his Fathers nowne Child; Just so Brother was it with me upon my Wedding day, I could not look upon my dear without blushing, but when we were a Bed, Lord ha mercy upon us——but I le say no more.

Lean. Is then my Father Reconcil'd to me.

Gr. Reconcil'd to thee, why *I* love thee at my heart man, at my heart, why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty*'s daughter, Mrs. *Luce*, whom *I* always design'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Sister *Clara* married to Mr. *Octa.* there.

Lean. Octavian are we then Brothers? there is nothing that *I* could have rather wisht after the Compleating of my happiness with my charming *Lucia.*

Thr. Come Sir, hang up your complements in the Hall at home, they are old and out of fashion: *Shift* go to the Inn and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than *I* have ready to pay for't, for *I* am resolved to run in debt to night.

Sh. I shall obey your commands Sir.

Thr. Then d'you hear, send out and muster up all the Fidlers, Blind or not Blind, Drunk or Sober) in the Town; let not so (much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Case, escape ye.

Gr. Well what would I give now for the fellow that sings the Song at my Lord Mayors Feast, I my self would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he should set a Tune to it, 'twas the pretty'st he had last time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh Gentlemen here is the strangest accident fallen out.

Thr. What's the matter.

Sly. Poor *Scapin.*

Gr. Ha! Rogue let him be hang'd, I le hang him my self.

Sly. Oh Sir, that trouble you may spare, for passing by a place where they were building, a great stone fell upon his head and broke his Scull so, you may see his Braines.

Thr. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter

Enter Scapin *between two, his Head wrap'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded*

Scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen you see me, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the prime of my years: But yet I could not dye without the pardon of those that I have wrong'd, yes Gentlemen *I* beseech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more especially, *I* beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Master Mr. *Gripe*.

Thr. For my part, I pardon thee freely, go, and dye in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you Sir, I have most offended, by the inhumane Bastinadoes which———

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it, *I* forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, that I should with Vile Crab-tree Cudgel——

Gr. Pish, no more, I say I am Satisfied.

Scap. And now so near my death 'tis an unspeakable grief that I should dare to lift my hand against——

Gr. Hold thy Peace, or dye quickly, I tell thee I have forgot All——

Scap. Alas! how good a man you are! But Sir, d'you pardon me freely and from the bottom of your Heart, those mercyless drubs that——

Gr. Prithee speak no more of it. I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't. [*Pulls off his Cap.*

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodness Revives me!

Gr. Hows that! Friend take Notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are sure to dye!

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thr. Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge imploy your thoughts now, forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gr. A dewce on't Brother, as I hope to be sav'd he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did; But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thr. Now then let's to supper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the Lower End of the Table.
Where in my Chair of State, I'le sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may dye in Peace. *A Dance.*

The End.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee*, when she was out of Humour.

How little do you gueſs what I'm to ſay?
I'm not to ask you how like Farce or Play;
For you muſt know, I've other buſ'neſs now:
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we when in humble guiſe,
You came with honeſt Hearts and harmleſs Eyes:
Sate without Noiſe and Tumult in the Pit:
Oh what a pretious Jewel then was Wit!
Tho now 'tis grown ſo common, let me dye,
Gentlemen ſcorn to keep it company.
Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now y'are proud,
Did not in curſt Cabals of Criticks croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud;
But came to ſee the Follies you would ſhun:
Tho now ſo fondly Antick here y'are grown.
Y'invert the Stages purpoſe, and its Rules:
Make us Spectators, whilſt you play the Fools.
Equally witty as ſome valiant are;
The ſad defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll Cenſure, who diſdain to write,
As ſome make Quarrels here, that ſcorn to fight.
The rugged Souldier that from War returns,
And ſtill wi'th' heat of former Action burns.
Let him but hither come to ſee a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a day.

Shall

Epilogue.

Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent chat with Tawdry Maux:
Till e're aware the Blust'rer falls in love;
And Hero grows as harmless as a Dove.
With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes.
Though now alas we must your absence mourn,
Whilst nought but Quality will serve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uses poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on hearts.
The proper use of Vizors once was made,
When only worn by such as own'd the Trade:
Though now all mingle with 'em so together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter, on, pursue your Game,
Till wearied you return at last and tame;
Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe,
For when y'ave left your Stings behind you there:
You lazy Drones, ye shan't have harbour here.

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